

St. Tropez

They were all waiting. I waited,
looking down the turnpike
into the dark of one more crime
lost to the light of everything.
"When will we end?" I asked myself.
Now we are close to one another,
Where only in the night sometimes,
I seem to know the road.
Yet they are all I love: and all I'd hear
is "Follow me!" We pull out rapidly
and find our way with speed by signs
before that lets me see what I do now.
We are silent. The big one adjusts
his helmet because he cannot sleep.
There is nothing else to do.
Even the spitting stops.
This was as far from home as we
could go, almost beyond return,
of what's been done to learn
the speculation from the others
and owe no one a look
into the night of what we have
been riding toward.

There is haste about them.
I find my way in front,
bright and slender, as a saint
into a thousand dreams to kill
the serpent stirring in my heart.
What was won with care is already over,
for what I've done in all my life before
now lets me see what more there is to do,
though there is nothing more to say. One by one
they bear their speed into the dawn.
There are no signals any more, hardly a tree.
Either I do not care or what I care for
is already over. I think it was
the team of ourselves we saw
for all the good of what we were,
until the sun shone brightly
on the rubble they had left.
Cautiously they pulled away.
Night never seemed to end.
Now I lose my way
and wear a sigh of speed
and sorrow on the open road
and feel the temple beating in my head.